

# The Ohio Democrat.

BRENN & WHITE, Publishers.  
LOGAN, : : : OHIO  
BEN DEENE, ENGINEER.

The Pacific Express,  
Dashing into the West,  
Should have left the "Mountain Junction" at  
half past eight.  
But with pushing and switching a crippled  
night train,  
She was an hour late.

There were thirteen cars in her train, all  
told—  
Two express, one baggage, one mail and the  
pay car.  
The other eight made up of sleepers and day  
cars.

And all of them filled,  
The schedule was fast.  
The night was steel cold.  
The unadorned moon with its scimitar  
blade  
And the glittering daggers that flashed from  
the stars.

As sharp as velvet teeth, or like dying  
glass,  
They chilled the great boiler  
Of the racer and roller,  
Stained old "Dee".  
And though her engine was the best on the  
line,  
(Long-headed Ben Deene),  
So he could make time.

As if maddened at this,  
Her every valve seemed to humiliate  
Or alternately hiss,  
And every gauge  
Boiled with scolding rage.  
A passionate wailing wrenched all her  
nerves.

As she clutched the curves,  
Her maddened wheels shrieked and piteously  
cried  
And she scowled and moaned and howled  
and groaned  
That the hill was so long and so crooked and  
steep.

That where she would leap  
She must creep.  
Hissing white-hot steam, snorting black hot  
flames  
On struggling, yet lagging,  
As if she was dragging  
Heavy manacles of shame;  
Her headlight eyes burned into the night,  
As some infuriated monster's might.

It came to a sudden halt,  
Thus raked, pulled and growling, she  
rushed to the top.  
Of the summit grade at the "Summit Shop."  
Here the schedule said "stop."  
For water and coal—oil up and inspect  
The train's running gear and look close for  
defects.

From this point down on the  
westward  
For nineteen miles—twelve near the river's  
side  
The track was as straight as a rail-  
way line  
'Till it reached a sharp curve near a leaning  
oak tree.  
Here the engineers always said: "Now let  
her give."

And made up the time  
Perhaps lost on the climb.  
The signal was given. Refreshed to a seat  
Out "Dee" started  
Once more to the west  
And down this straight pin, called the  
"Devil's Tail," darted.

Being an engine, she  
She sped by springs, rushes and glides at a  
pace  
That made a night race  
Twist an acre of flame and phantom-winged  
winds.  
With a cyclone's rush, yet with scarcely a  
jar.

Down the "run" she flew with her thirteen  
cars.  
Her driving-wheels looking like million-  
rayed stars.  
Surging on or the ground with loud thum-  
bling  
Ran this metal-muscle and steam-drinking  
hound.

At every crossing her ghostly bell  
Clanged sharply once like a dirge or a knell,  
And her shaggy smoke, like a gorgon's  
mane,  
Curled out through the air, or enveloped the  
train.

Like its roar.  
When the fireman opened the fire-box door  
A crimson zone leaped from that flaming  
lair  
Through the frosty depths of the boreal air.  
Which danced through the moonlight and  
ran  
But to crouch when the furnace was closed  
again.

On she flashed, dashed and crashed through  
open and wood.  
On she whirled, swift as a whirlwind, past  
the bushes that stood  
Apart in still fields or close clustered in  
towns.

Into hovels and mansions, through switches  
and gates.  
Her whistle shrieked scolding yells  
like the whistles  
While her clinders fell down  
From asphalt and stuck  
Back along the steel track.

In a blazing red road, like a fire-pit in hell.  
With hand on the lever, her brave engineer  
peered into the night  
Through the dancing and yellow head-  
light.  
Every muscle alert  
To make up his time without mishaps or  
hurt.

He at last struck the curve near the "Lean-  
ing Oak."  
Hardly leaned out, proudly patting her  
cheek.  
To whisper "You flirt!"  
Had just said to the fireman: "Jack, she's  
no crank."

When an axle broke  
On her forward truck;  
She reeled to a second as if she were  
struck.  
Then began to slump.  
Over the live oak bumps, as if they were  
stumps.

Deene set the air brakes; he reversed; gave  
her steam.  
Then grasping her throttle  
As a drunkard a bottle  
And his hand was a vice—  
So below him the river  
Half filled with ice.

How her speed sends her smashing on over  
the ice!  
Will she never stop? How she shakes and  
shivers!  
How every inch of his train seems to quiver?  
No; a glance back tells him each car runs  
as still.

As it did on the upward side  
of the hill.  
Good! Only the engine is off the  
track—  
But she's off to the right! Great God,  
that's all!

Where the deep led river rides.  
"Here, Jack! a second tank! Quick as  
light, man, get back."  
And pull that pin.  
When I reverse the train,  
Or when she goes over she'll pull 'em all in."

Stumbling over the wood, clambering over  
coal.  
As the engine limped, then staggered, now  
rolled.  
Jack Ford pulled the pin, just as "Dee"  
lunged  
Down into the stream with a hissing  
plunge.

But there stood at cars as still as if  
they stood.  
At some signal switch when a red light  
dropped.

The fireman stood on the baggage car step  
Peering into the stream  
As the engine leapt.  
As he fixed his eyes on the rolling dream.  
What it was that creeps slowly over the bank  
From the trees and the rocks.  
Then crawls like a worm on the stony bank;  
'Tis the engineer covered with ice, while his  
blood  
Flows fast through a cruel gash in his  
head.

That is horribly red.  
But his great, steadfast soul, supreme still  
glowed  
Illumined the blood as he whispered: "Jack,  
Get a red light somewhere; quick, run up the  
track."  
Think—the east-bound express—I'm all right  
—hurry back.

As the two expresses stood nose to nose,  
Deene lay down between them, in frozen  
clothes.  
He had saved two trains—  
And babes, fair maidens, fond mothers,  
strong men,  
Rode unharmed by the flood,  
Sleeping unawakened of blood.

When the Omnipotent Ken  
Scanned eternity's realm to give crowns to  
true men;  
And the angel of records called "Deene, en-  
gineer!"  
Can you doubt that then  
He will answer there as he did at the oak  
When the axle broke—  
—G. R. Blanchard, in New York Tribune.

## A TROUBLESOME BOY.

### An Honest Farmer Comes to His Rescue.

Ay, what was to be done with him?  
He had just completed his fifteenth year,  
was famous at cricket and football, rode  
his bicycle up and down the steepest  
gradients, was a fearless swimmer, and  
indeed the athletic paragon of his  
schoolmates. But he began to tire of  
his lessons, and to utter dark confiden-  
ces to his sisters that "Latin would be  
no use to a fellow when he grew up!"  
that "he felt like a loafer as he went  
along the lanes to the grammar-school;"  
that "Sam Jackson and Harry Wilde  
were going to business at Easter; and  
if papa did not find him something to  
do, he should perhaps run away to sea." This last confidence, which was  
given on a windy night, when the rain  
plashed most dismally against the win-  
dows of the children's room, quite  
alarmed Tom's sisters, who were ro-  
bust and under-hearted girls of seven-  
teen and eighteen. They began to  
cry and to beg the indignant father not  
to do anything so dreadful. But the  
more they petitioned, the more stub-  
born Tom grew. Tears and entreaties  
only hardened him into firmer determi-  
nation to doff his mortar-board cap  
for ever. How could he stay at school,  
when his chums, Sam Jackson and  
Harry Wilde, had gone to business?  
What did girls know of a fellow's vocation  
at being left with a lot of young  
boys, not one of whom could hold a bat  
or keep a goal? To sea he would go,  
unless papa got him some sort of a berth  
by Easter.

The poor girls were crying very bit-  
terly, and the rain throbbed in sympathy  
against the panes, and Tom stamped up  
and down the floor, when his mamma  
came in. She was much surprised at  
the scene. How could he stay at school,  
when his chums, Sam Jackson and  
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—hurry back.

## NOAH'S ARK QUILT.

### The Latest Kind of Fashionable Lovers of Fancy Work.

One of the fashionable little "fads" of  
the day in fancy work is a Noah's ark  
quilt. The quilt can be of serge, cloth,  
satin, sheeting or plain cream sheeting,  
and is designed and commenced by the  
lady who starts it. If she is a good  
worker she embroders or applies the  
Noah's ark, which is near the center of  
the quilt, but placed high up. The an-  
imals are all in couples, and form a long  
procession round the entire quilt,  
marching round toward the ark. Some-  
times the procession is curved, so as to  
form a design over the entire surface;  
but this depends on individual taste and  
fancy. The lady asks her friends and  
neighbors to work the pairs of animals,  
usually giving them some choice in the  
matter. Some of these quilts are very  
amusing, and really worth keeping.  
At a recent starting of one a  
lady volunteered to work two fleas,  
which she eventually did, with won-  
derful care and dexterity. In cream  
satin the animals may be all in red  
Turkey red, worked with red ingrained  
thread, or in various colors. This may  
be an idea for many busy fingers. The  
baby's crawling blankets or cot covers  
probably gave the idea of the  
Noah's Ark quilt, and also suggested  
the style of permanent cover.  
The animals are generally cut out in  
paper first, and then in whatever ma-  
terial they are to be worked in, and are  
copied from a child's colored picture  
book. In the Noah's Ark collection,  
scraps of fur and skin are used, to re-  
produce the specimen animals in nature.  
It is also occasionally all  
worked by one pair of hands on a founda-  
tion of double width diagonal serge  
with the various animals portrayed in  
wools, sometimes in cross-stitch first  
worked on pieces of ordinary canvas,  
satin, or any other material, and then  
transferred to the quilt, or in outline  
which is being a good deal now used for  
traveling rugs, bath blankets, etc.,  
which is done by laying wool in strands  
on the outlined pattern, and tacking it  
down by small stitches of silk, or a con-  
trasting color.—N. Y. Herald.

## WATERING PLANTS.

### How and When Pot Plants Should Be Given Water.

Some people attempt to keep pot  
plants without giving them any water  
at all; the result is familiar to every  
one. Usually, however, the earth in  
the pot or box is kept soaked and very  
much in the condition of an ordinary  
swamp. It is even said that malaria  
has resulted from living in rooms con-  
taining house plants, owing to the  
damp soil. We have ourselves seen  
dead evergreens pulled out of boxes full  
of mud. A gardener's journal gives ut-  
terance to the following very remark-  
able statement: "Watering plants is one of the most im-  
portant things in the culture of house  
plants, and very special care should be  
devoted to it. Plants ought not to be  
watered until they need it. It will be evi-  
dent that they require wetting, if on  
taking the earth from the pot it crum-  
bles into pieces like dust; a sure sign is  
to knock on the side of the pot, near the  
middle, with the finger knuckle. If it  
gives forth a hollow ring, the plant needs  
water; if there is a dull sound, there is  
still moisture enough to sustain the  
plant. Plants must not be wet more  
than once or twice a day; on dry, clear  
days they require more water than on  
damp, cloudy days. On the other hand,  
the earth must not be allowed to dry  
out entirely, for that is also very in-  
jurious. In wetting them the water  
must be poured on in such a way that it  
will run again through the hole in the  
bottom of the pot. If the earth gets too  
dry, it is best to place the pot in water  
so that the water will saturate the  
dirt very gradually. They may be  
watered at any hour of the day, except  
when the sun is shining on the pot or  
has just left it, for the earth gets hot  
when the sun shines on it, and then if  
cold water is poured on it, it will cool  
it too rapidly. The best time for wa-  
tering plants in summer is the even-  
ing, and in winter noon is best. Well  
water should never be used, but always  
use either rain water or brook water."  
—Boston Transcript.

## THE FALCONER.

### What His Personage Is Expected to Do for His Master's Hacks.

A falconer who has the exclusive care  
of half a dozen trained birds, whether  
falcons or hawks or both, finds little  
time hanging heavily on his hands. By  
the time he has moved out his charges  
to the lawn and set their nocturnal  
abode in order, he will have got an ap-  
petite for his own breakfast. Then  
there is the business of feeding those  
hawks which are not to fly, and perhaps  
exercising most of them to the lure, in  
the manner so graphically described by  
Isaac Walton. "Then the bath or bath-  
house must be filled, and the hawks which  
are to be indulged with that luxury moved  
to a place where they can jump in and  
splash about to their hearts' delight.  
Then the plan of the day's campaign must  
be arranged, having regard to wind and  
weather, and the chance of where the  
quarry is most likely to be found, and  
when the day's work in the field is over  
the falconer's day is not nearly done.  
There is the "feeding up" of the hawks  
that have not been allowed, or have not  
had time, to "take their pleasure" on  
the quarry. Every thing depends upon  
getting out to the hungry creatures just  
that quantity of food which will keep  
them in full health and strength, but  
without overgorging them or making  
them inactive on the morrow. If a  
feather has been broken by some ac-  
cident during the day it must be mended  
at once; if a leg is injured, it must be  
repacked, and the beaks of all the  
hawks should be cleaned, their hoods  
seen to, and the lures made ready for  
use on another day. Nor let it be for-  
gotten that there is such a thing as  
losing a hawk. When this disaster  
happens the country is  
scoured till dark in search of the truant,  
and if not found, the falconer, before  
break of day, is again on the lookout  
with his lure in hand. A successful  
falconer lies on no bed of roses. Only  
constant attention will make his hawks  
fond of him. But when they are so  
trained, and he has such a firm grip  
among faithful friends. At a sign  
from him they will jump toward him;  
nay, at his first appearance—in the  
words of the old sportsman—"they re-  
joice." The character of each of them  
—for hawks differ in character as much  
as men and women—will be well known  
to him as to his own. He knows what can  
or cannot be done with each; and thus  
he is still able to carry on the most dif-  
ficult of all sports without the disap-  
pointments that have frightened away  
from it less patient and persevering  
tyros.—English Illustrated Magazine.

## A BLOW AT PASTEUR.

### Looking at Hydrophobia Inoculation in the Light of Recent Catastrophes.

It is becoming more apparent every  
day that the hopes and expectations  
based on M. Pasteur's method of treat-  
ing wounds inflicted by supposed rabid  
animals were premature and unwarranted.  
When several of the Russians  
who had been bitten by wolves died in  
despite of inoculation, it was said that  
the virus of rabid wolves was much more  
powerful than that of dogs, and there-  
fore the treatment had not been success-  
ful in those cases. Now, however, a  
girl who had been bitten by a dog, and  
treated in time, according to M. Pas-  
teur's theory of inoculation, though she  
was inoculated and discharged, as was  
supposed, cured, has died of hydrophobia.  
It remains to be seen what the explana-  
tion offered in this instance will be, but  
it is not necessary to await it to per-  
ceive clearly that it can not be satisfac-  
tory. The death of this girl, in fact,  
must be regarded as demonstrating the  
fallacy of the reasoning founded on M.  
Pasteur's preliminary experiments, for  
it proves that the inoculatory process,  
however carefully and fully performed,  
is liable to produce no protective re-  
sult whatever.

## A VENERABLE CHURCH.

### Interesting Features of the Old Mexican Town Across the Rio Grande.

In Paso del Norte there is a cathedral  
three hundred and twenty-five years old,  
built by Spanish Jesuits. It is not that  
the general plan is elaborate; on the  
contrary, it is one of beautiful appro-  
priateness and simplicity—offering in  
this respect a lesson to the moderns.  
The walls are of adobe, plain and  
straight; and neither the walls nor the  
massive timbers are any the worse for  
their three centuries of wear. But the  
heavy woodwork everywhere is beauti-  
fully carved. In the cathedral are rec-  
ords of great historic value, reaching  
back hundreds of years. Some of the  
decorations and religious emblems are  
presented from the monarchs of Spain.  
The old church is well worth a visit  
from any tourist, particularly the  
student of art and history. But to  
a tourist who has never seen a Mexi-  
can town it is not the only object of in-  
terest by any means. There are the  
quaint streets of ancient adobe houses,  
with dark-eyed senoritas peeping from  
the windows—when there are any—  
through the cracks of the doors. Some  
of the senoritas are very handsome, and  
not adverse to a little harmless flirta-  
tion with the fair-haired son of the North.  
They listen with charming attention  
while he says the things in a tongue  
they do not understand. The town of  
Paso del Norte has a population of  
about seven thousand—pretty fair for  
a Mexican town. But thirty years ago  
it was a city of thirty thousand souls.  
A thriving city, it should have  
called it in the United States. What  
has become of this large population no  
one can tell. They have folded their  
tents like the Arabs, and silently stolen  
away.—Ozing.

## PITH AND POINT.

### "The rambling old farm-house" is not confined to the East since the West began to enjoy a monopoly of cyclones.

"—Pa," said a young hopeful, "I know what a man who has seen better days is." "Well, my son, what is he?" "He is man who makes you tell talking about himself."—N. O. Picayune.

"—What's a perturbation, Jimmie?" said one ragged street urchin to another. "Doncher know?" "No," was the response. "Naw." "Well, perturbation's when a feller's gittin' square wid himself."—Boston Post.

—It is awfully exasperating to the man who doesn't like the way in which a big newspaper is run to send a vigorous protest and then see the big newspaper kept right on running in the way he doesn't like.—Cleveland Chronicle.

—Marblehead (Mass.) young women have got up a nice kind of a party, where the young men in attendance are required to sew across the bottom of an apron. The young women give 'em needles, but no other points.—Boston Globe.

A Nice Man to Handle Morphine. Druggists: "Perhaps with a little ingenuity we can fix up that broken case, so that no one will know the difference." Clerk: "Ingenuity! What's that? Some of that new sticking-stuff we got in yesterday?"—N. Y. Times.

"—Now, who can tell me something about Solomon?" asked a Cedar street Sunday school teacher while reviewing her class upon the illustrious Biblical characters. "He runs a cigar store on Main street," promptly responded a small boy whose acquaintance with Buffalo surpasses his knowledge of Jerusalem.—Buffalo Courier.

—Little Johnny: "Pa, did you read in the paper how a fine old man and twenty dollars because his little boy hung on a street car?" "Well, what of it?" asked Colonel Fizzlepot. "Oh, nuthin'," except I thought maybe you wanted to give me some nickels to buy car tickets. When I have car tickets I don't swing on the street cars."—Texas Siftings.

—He and she: AT FIRST. He sat and twisted his blonde mustache. She toyed with a stray curl. And silently thought of other beau.

AT LAST. She stood with her head on his shoulder. He toyed with the stray curl; she had no thought of other beau. Nor he of his other girl.

—That was a sweet reply of the little girl found busy at the ironing-table, smoothing the towels and stockings. "Isn't that hard work for the little angel?" was asked. "Look, if a sunshine came into her face as she glanced toward her mother, who was rocking the baby. "It isn't hard work when I do it for mamma," she said softly.—N. Y. Times.

The Donkey's New Departure: A Donkey who was tired of Drawing his Master's Cart went to the Cow for Advice, saying: "You have nothing to do all day long, while I work like a Slave. Tell me how I can escape this Drudgery." "All you have to do is to run away and Smash the Cart," replied the Cow. The Donkey determined to follow the Advice, and next morning when he set out to tow his master's Cart after Faggots he suddenly Kicked up his heels and started off on a gallop. "Ohho!" exclaimed the Peasant as he put on the whip: "I see what the Trouble is with you! I am Feeding you Too Many Oaks. Hereafter your rations will be Reduced to one-half of what there is such a thing as being too Smart."—Detroit Free Press.

## A TIMELY RIDE.

### The Part Played by a Lame Boy in the Revolutionary Struggle.

It may seem at first that the boy mentioned in this incident, which is given by Edward Everett Hale in his "Boy Heroes," did nothing either heroic or remarkable, but it is a good illustration of the value of doing one's very best under all circumstances.

There was a boy whom I will name Luke Varnum. He was fifteen years old, and he was lame of his left foot. So, when every other boy in Number Five, and every man, old and young, shouldered his firelock and marched off to join General Stark, Luke stayed at home. He limped out and held the stirrup for Lieutenant Chittenden to mount, and then he had to stay at home with the babies and the women. The men had been gone an hour and a half when three men galloped up on horse back. And Luke, who had been down to the rails to see who they were, said one of them.

"Yes," said Luke, "I am here."

"I see that," said the first man laugh-  
ing. "What I mean is, is there nobody here but a lame boy?"

"I think I can," said Luke. "I often told for Jonas. I can blow the bellows, and I can hold a horse's foot away. I will start up the fire."

Luke went into the forge and took down the tinder-box and struck a light. He built the fire, and when he had got a dozen rails which Jonas had left unintentionally, and he had even made two more, when a fourth horseman came slowly down on a walk. "What luck," said he, "to find a forge with the fire lighted?"

"We found one," said Marvin, "with a boy who knew how to light it."

The other speaker hung himself off the horse meanwhile, and Luke pared the hoof of the dainty creature, and measured the shoe, which was too big for her. He heated it white, and bent it closer to the proper size.

"It is a poor fit," he said, "but it will do."

"It will do very well," said her rider. "But she is very tender-footed, and I do not dare trust her five miles unshod."

For pride's sake, the first two nails Luke drove were those he had made himself. And when he had served the third nail, he said: "Tell Jonas that I hot up the forge—and put on the shoe."

"We will tell him," said the Colonel, laughing, and he rode on.

But one of the other horsemen tarried a minute, and said: "Boy, no ten men can do what you have done. You are a country, as you have it. It is Colonel Warner."

When I read in history how Colonel Warner led up his regiment just in time to save the day at Bennington, I am apt to think of Luke Varnum. When I read that that day decided the battle of Saratoga, and determined that America should be independent, I think of Luke Varnum. When I go to see monuments erected in memory of Colonel Warner and General Stark, and even poor old Burgoyne, I think of Luke Varnum and others like him. And then sometimes I wonder what it is that has saved you, country, as you have it. It is Colonel Warner.

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